

BATTLER

ROLEPLAYING GAME™



ALURIEL

FALLEN ANGEL

ALURIEL

2 oracle human lawful good oracle vildeis absalom ulfen

level/class			race		alignment		favored class		dietary		nationality		race				
ability score		total	mod				armor class		total								
STR	strength	19	+4	HP	hit points	24 / 24		AC	armor class	18		MOVE	movement rate	20	LIGHT	encumbrance	100
DEX	dexterity	14	+2	INIT	initiative	+2		TOUCH	armor class	12		AGE	young adult	20	MED	encumbrance	200
CON	constitution	14	+2	EXP	experience			FLAT-FOOTED	armor class	16		HEIGHT	tall for race	5-8"	HEAVY	encumbrance	300
INT	intelligence	8	-1	FORT	fortitude	+2	+0	+2	CMB	combat maneuver	+5	WEIGHT	thin for race	130	LIFT	overhead	300
WIS	wisdom	10	-1	REF	reflex	+2	+0	+2	CMD	maneuver defense	17	GEAR	carried weight	?	LIFT	off the ground	600
CHA	charisma	14	+2	WILL	willpower	+3	+3	-	SP RES	spell resistance	-	TOTAL	if carried	?	DRAG	push or drag	1500

weapons & attacks	attack	damage	crit
dagger	+5	1d4+4	19-20
heavy crossbow	+3	1d10	19-20
+1 fauchard	+6	1d8+7	18-20

FEATS & FEATURES

wasting: -4 penalty to cha skills exc intimidate

+4 sv vs disease

mystery: battle - intimidate, perception class skills

revelation: weapon mastery - weapon focus

feat: combat reflexes - 3 aoo and while flat footed

feat: power attack - -1 to hit, +3 dam

trait: finding haleen - +1hp/sp for favored class

trait: heirloom weapon - fauchard proficiency

lang: taldan, infernal, abyssal, celestial

LVL SPELLS

0	Detect Magic	Detect Magic
0	Guidance	+1 to hit, save or sk. check
0	Light	Increase ambient light
0	Read Magic	Read magical writings
0	Purify Food/Drink	Make edible/pure

1	Divine Favor	+1 hit/dam/3 levels (luck)
1	Cure Light Wounds	Heal 1d8+1 dam
1	Protection from Evil	+2 AC, can't be touched, new sv
1	Enlarge Person	+2 str, -2 dex, -1 hit, 2d8 dam, 2m

SPELLS	Kn	/D	DC
level 0	5	-	12
level 1	2	3	13
level 2			

SPELLS	Kn	/D	DC
level 3			
level 4			
level 5			

SKILLS

		total	armor	penalty	-3
			class	ability	misc
acrobatics	dex	-1		2	-3
appraise	int	-1		-1	
bluff	cha	-2		2	-4
climb	str	+1		4	-3
diplomacy	cha	-2	-	2	-4
disguise	cha	-2		2	-4
escape artist	dex	-1		2	-3
fly	dex	0		2	-3
heal	wis	4	1	3	0
intimidate	cha	11	2	3	2
knowledge: general	int	-		-1	
knowledge: planes	int	4	1	3	-1
knowledge: religion	int	3	1	3	-1
perception	wis	4	1	3	0
sense motive	wis	0	-	0	
spellcraft	int	-1	-	-1	
stealth	dex	-1		2	-3
survival	wis	0		0	
swim	str	+1		4	-3
use magic device	cha	-		2	-4



[illegible][illegible]

HEAVEN - COURTS OF ACCORD

The five Empereal Lords stood around the large, ornate table in the High Court. Their words echoed throughout the huge room, large enough to hold a convocation.

Although born of a Prince of Hell, Ragathiel stood at the head of the table, a tower of glorious might. At twenty feet tall, his golden skin and five burning wings dominated the room. His famed temper was currently on low boil as he stabbed a finger at his counterpart at the foot.

"Vildeis! I ask again that you abandon this foolish mission. Time and time again have i sent angels forth from heaven to retrieve the tome, yet nary a single one has returned. Abdiel himself went, a Lord, accompanied by a cohort one thousand strong. All vanished within the gates of Abaddon and so I ask thee, what purpose is served by the death of another, and a mere Principality?"

His counterpart at the foot of the table matched his intensity despite falling short of his sheer size. Criss-crossed with scars, a bandage covered her eye's where she had ripped them out on the day of her birth. Her red wings beat in time to her bloody finger, stabbing forward each time she went to make a point.

"This angel is mine General, and will take orders from me and me alone. Thirteen cycles have passed, seven hundred and twenty-eight years during which you have tried and failed to return the Tome. Born in blood and pain, it is in blood and pain, not steel, that it will return. For his part, Neshen at least understands this."

Unhappy at being brought into the argument, the Steel Lash spoke carefully, his voice the steady grating of steel on stone.

"Thee know as well as I Vildeis, that one may not pay penance for another. The redemption of Tabris the fallen lies with Tabris and none other. At your urging, fifty angels descended on Axis seeking his capture, only to return with empty hands and wings bowed in shame."

Damerrich, a silent black monolith in stone armor, raised one gauntleted fist. With weary eyes, he glared at the bandaged angel, his great helm hiding his angry scowl if not the echoing finality of his voice.

"The invasion of the Eternal City by the forces of Heaven. This breach of tradition, this crime, has gone unpunished long enough, yet here you stand again. Espousing madness, you stand before us demanding yet another crime. Have you no shame?"



Livid beyond Reason, Vildeis lept forward, her retort bursting forth as a the sun, held too long below the horizon, shines bloody rays across the heavens. In total silence, her words failed her, as the last figure spread its arms in a halting gesture. Without moving, the Black Butterfly, Desna's Shadow, loomed above them all.

"ENOUGH! THE AUTHORITY TO BIRTH OR ABORT THE PLAN PROPOSED LIES NOT WITHIN THIS ROOM. THY LABOR IN VAIN, SEEKING CONSENSUS WHERE IT IS NEITHER PREMISED NOR NEEDED. SUMMON THE ANGEL ALURIEL FOR THE RIGHT OF REFUSAL IS HERS ALONE."

Aluriel waited before the entrance to the Courts, dipping her fingers in the font before anointing her brow with the holy water. She could hear the discussion inside, sounding suspiciously like an argument, and although she had been bade to wait, she had yet to be called.

"The Lords will see you now." Appearing beside her without warning, Israfel startled her. Such behavior was frowned upon on The Fields where it was much more dangerous. Angels went unarmed here on the mount however, and she supposed this was their way.

Stepping beneath the alabaster plinth separating the High Court from the Garden, she paused for a moment, taking in the five Lords gathered at the table before her. Grim Ragathiel, Damerrich the Executioner at his side. Her mistress Vildeis stood at the foot, blood pooling beneath her feet. Between them stood Neshen the Penitent, his head lowered but anger showing clearly on his face while beside him floated the Black Butterfly, her silhouetted face imposible to read.

Turning to face her, the Cardinal Martyr spoke with quiet force. ***"Rejoice! Angel Aluriel of the Principalities, for thirteen cycles have passed. Rejoice Aluriel! for to thee has been given a duty of Justice and Redemption delayed for far too long! Rejoice***

Principality! for thine is the duty to blind the Esoteric Eye by dint of blood and steel."

Interrupting from the other end of the table, Ragathiel's voice sounded with the crash of steel on steel, ***"Abide the agreement Valdeis, all must be laid bare before her. The right of refusal has been granted should she so choose."***

Valdeis came around the table, bloodstained bandages dragging the floor beneath her hovering feet. Standing before her, the Imperial Lord spoke matter-of-factly, her tone flat, as though describing the weather or the prior evening's meal.

"Angel Aluriel. From Heaven whilst thy Fall. To the Prime Material, upon the continent of Avistan and within the nation of Osirion whilst though make thy way. Only there whilst thou receive thy geas, for only there whilst thou meet one Professor Dr. Henric Archibald Pinkerton. From him whilst thou divine the location of the Book of the Damned and upon its recovery, only then whilst thou be allowed the gates of Heaven once again."

Standing with arms crossed, the three Lords still at the table glared, their expressions promising dire punishment should this face progress farther. Lazy wisps of smoke curled up as the gilt table edge melted, the molten metal blackening the carpet below their feet. Desna's Shadow arched above their heads, a blanket of mystery, silent, the antithesis of hope.

Without a word, the young angel, having existed in heaven only a few hundred years, fell to her knees on the marble floor. With arms upraised, she held a gleaming dagger by the blade, its ivory hilt extended. Lifting the offered knife, the Crimson Martyr took up station behind her kneeling subordinate.

"Rejoice Angel Aluriel for to thee has been given the Right of Martyrdom. With blood and pain whilst thou earn redemption for the Fallen Lord Tabris, banished from these very halls for the sin of success. Thy blood will flow in his stead, thy tears shed for his sin and thy life spent for his grace."

Turning to the four at the table, she spoke louder, her voice reaching a damning crescendo of rage. ***"In so doing whilst thou earn forgiveness for the Concordance of Damnation and the injustice done that day!"***

Pandemonium broke out as the three enraged Empyrean Lords watched the dagger arc down. Ragathiel lept into the air, his wings bursting into flame as a fine stream of scarlet blood splashed across alabaster wings.

Damerrick lifted his axe as he stepped forward, the shadows of all worlds parting before its razor edge as the knife sliced through flesh and sinew, neatly severing one wing at the scapula.

Tears of golden fire streamed down his cheeks as Neshen the Penitent, Lord of Redemption lept forward, his lips a mixed scowl of surprise and rage as the second wing hit the ground.

With a gasp, the newly fallen angel collapsed as the ground rushed toward her. Her body, suddenly heavy beyond belief, continued through the floor, her last sight that off a giant shadow stretching forth, it's ebon grasp enshrouding the Lady of Martyrs. Consciousness mercifully fled as she fell into the darkness, knowing neither how far she would fall nor where she would land.



FALLING

One of the blessings a mortal has upon death is forgetting much of their time upon the Golarion. Good memories remain as feelings of fond fulfillment while bad memories fade into the mists surrounding the Mount.

One of the costs an angel pays upon Falling however, is their memory of Heaven. Upon landing on the Prime Material, their good memories have vanished, replaced with only a vague sense of wrongness and shame.

Aluriel was a Kellishite Temple Maiden in life. Trained as a virgin-warrior, she battled the forces of Rovagug on the shores of the Obari Ocean. She died at the age of twenty, battling heretics in the sands south of Katheer.

She will awaken, a mortal human girl of twenty, at the place of her death. Although without memories of Heaven, the geas laid upon her by Valdeis stands and she will make her way to Osirion to meet Dr. Pinkerton.

Her memories of life will be vague although not alarmingly so, for she has only truly forgotten the bad memories. She will remember most of her childhood and the successful battles she fought against the cultists. Despite this, she is missing two critical features that most mortals possess.

Aluriel lived several hundred years ago and is familiar with the world of that time. While she rarely notices it, much of the world is new and requires all of her intellect to comprehend.

Additionally, the loss of her negative experiences have robbed her of many of the lessons she learned in life. Without those lessons, she is likely to repeat the mistakes of the past.

VILDEIS

THE CARDINAL MARTYR

LG Angel Empyrean lord of devotion, sacrifice, and scars

Holy Symbol a scarred golden breastplate

Temples asylums, cathedrals, convents, interrogation chambers

Worshippers martyrs, the obsessed, paladins, zealous crusaders

Minions couatls, lawful angels, peris, shed us

Obedience Cut a holy design into your flesh or the flesh of a willing participant. Rub ashes into the wound while praying aloud to Vildeis. Bind the wound in red cloth but show the scar to anyone who asks. Gain a +4 sacred bonus on saving throws against effects that damage, drain, or penalize ability scores.

Legend tells that Vildeis despises evil more than any other empyreal lord. Other angels rail furiously against the darkness and spend eternity battling its agents. But when Vildeis emerged from the ether of Heaven, it is said, she could not cope with the mere idea of evil—what reality allows such an abomination to exist? To preserve her sanity, Vildeis blinded herself so she could not see the foulness that so often tainted existence and dedicated herself wholly to destroying that which pained her so. Now, her zealous championing of rightness leaves her no peace. She cannot rest, cannot laugh, cannot pause to appreciate her efforts. Only action and repeated sacrifice keep her damaged spirit whole.

The Cardinal Martyr's body is marked with countless scars, each one a celestial rune representing a sacrifice she has made. Crimson ribbons cover her useless eyes, and her magnificent red wings carry her aloft as she embarks on divine quests. Her curved dagger, *Cicatrix*, is never far from her side. Those who stand in Vildeis's shadow hear a maddening chorus of screams, the voices of all the martyred throughout the Great Beyond.

Vildeis's followers commit themselves utterly to her worship. The Cardinal Martyr is a demanding mistress, and her tenets are so exact that it is easy to fall out of her favor. Followers of Vildeis give up their homes, families, and wealth to follow her dictums and receive no material reward for their service. To Vildeis's devout, sacrifice in the service of good is its own reward. Those who die acting in Vildeis's name may find rest in their final reward, but the most faithful and talented are raised to serve again, this time as Vildeis's divine agents.

Vildeis has no home. She never pauses in her travels, for she is driven mercilessly by her cause.



SPOILER - THE BOOK OF THE DAMNED

In the earliest days of the multiverse, the angelic hosts of Heaven sought to have an accounting of the totality of knowledge of all realms, so they might know the glories of the divine, the plights of those they would protect, and the faces of their enemies.

The warrior-scholar Tabris was tasked with this seemingly impossible undertaking, and 1,000 legions of lesser celestials were placed at his command.

Although untold centuries of tireless toil passed in the chronicling of the Material Plane and the planes of law, good, and neutrality, those realms willingly yielded their secrets to the angelic hosts. But the Lower Planes proved even more hostile and secretive than expected. When Tabris's scholars never returned from their tours of Abaddon, the Abyss, and Hell, he sent soldiers; when they disappeared, he sent armies; and when they vanished, Tabris journeyed forth himself.

Unless they meet violent ends, angels live forever. Yet even by the counting of immortals, Tabris was lost for ages beyond reckoning the assumed final casualty in a futile scholarly exercise. His emergence from the Maelstrom proved but the first in a series of shocks that would reverberate through every celestial realm.

A dour, lightless apparition of the divine evangelist he once was, Tabris carried with him the scars of one who had faced every horror and outrage of the damned, whose service and blood had paid for interviews with the planes' greatest monstrosities, and who had sought the face of evil and found it more terrible than any noble soul could have fathomed. As these scars etched his mind and flesh, so did his pen scourge page after page, sacrilege piling upon blasphemy as he completed his divine mandate with unflinching thoroughness.

When the judges of Heaven reviewed their brother's work, they were appalled. Here were enumerated foes, plots, and betrayals beyond the eyes of the Heavenly host; sins and deeds without godly names or punishments; fiendish threats, promises, and prophecies

cataloged with scholarly detachment, and worse. Tabris was called to account for his work, yet the lost hero had no interest in defending himself.

He had suffered eternities of outrages and returned with the only possible, perfect fulfillment of his directive. For this, he was unrepentant.

In the innumerable offenses of Tabris's chronicle and his own quiet audacity, the powers of Heaven saw corruption, and mourned the loss of their former hero. His work was to be destroyed as the most dangerous of heresies, and Tabris forever barred from the realms of the divine. Detached, as he was from all things, Tabris accepted his fate, walking from the mountain of Heaven to lose himself amid the streets and alleys of the Eternal City of Axis. Yet his work refused to be so easily forgotten, and vanished from the vault-kilns locked away in the depths of Heaven's Great Library.

Since then, Tabris's chronicle has scattered, seemingly by its own will, across the Material Plane, tainting minds and souls with myriad copies and forgeries, and forever eluding the grasp of Heaven's censors, who have dubbed this heresy of ink and parchment the Book of the Damned.

